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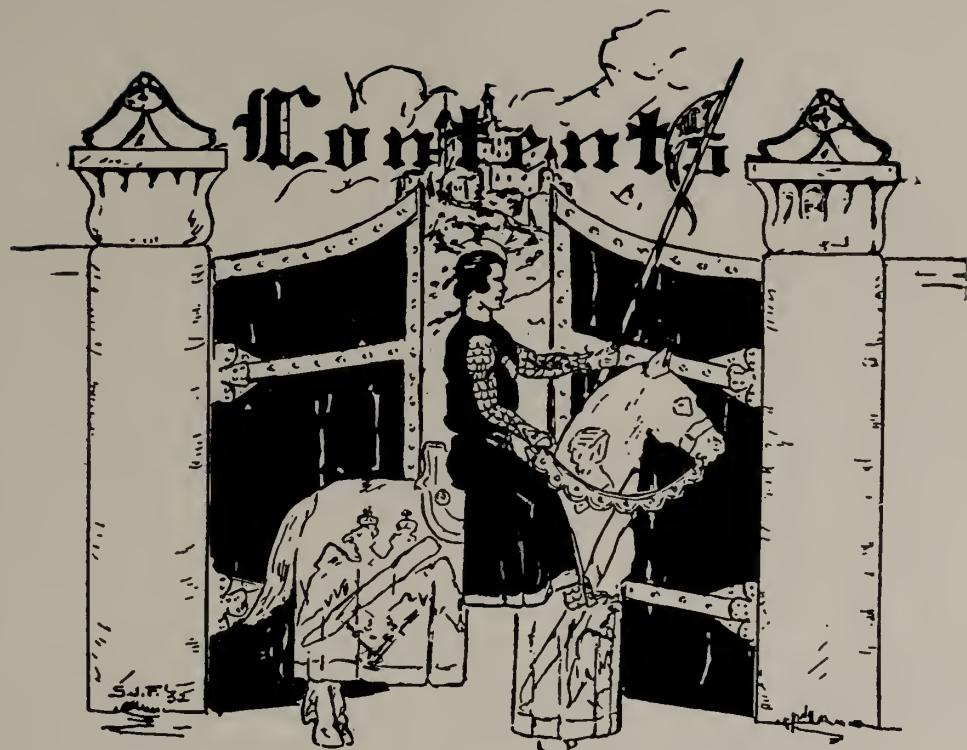
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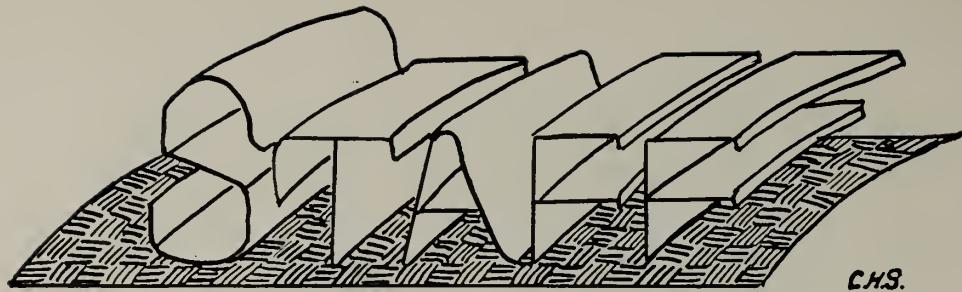
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"Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur"

Editorials:	PAGE
Routine	5
A Plea for Baseball Candidates	6
The "Why" of Writing	6
Latin Contest	7
The Renaissance	Russell J. Robinson
Petition	L. Eric Liberman
The End of the Trail	A. Nagel
Young Scrooge	H. T. Toffin
Our Lords and Masters	16
The Problem of the Red and Black Crosses.....	17
Exchanges	18
School Notes	19
Ramblings of the Register's Raving Reporter	21
Let's Call It Quips.....	23
Sports	24



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ROUTINE

A short time ago, we read in another school publication an article which dealt with homework. "Do the same subject at the same hour each day," it said. By not very devious routes, this statement brings up the subject of routine work, work done always on schedule. In turn, we come to *living* on schedule. In fact, "living on schedule" is a favorite vehicle for the author wishing to portray a henpecked husband who suddenly turns (the worm!) and "braces himself up." Such tales express the general opinion that a mechanical existence is unwholesome. However, there is good reason for disagreement, and we are glad to present it.

In the first place, the Latin School student goes through a certain routine every day. Even so, his life is not monotonous and humdrum. For instance, every week day, he arises at seven o'clock in the morning (or seven-thirty, or eight), washes, eats his breakfast, packs his books, and arrives in school at eight-thirty (or nine, or nine-thirty). Let us pass over the next painful five and a half hours, as they are particularly systematized. At any rate, the student is out of class at two-thirty, packs his books, engages in the usual small-talk, and leaves at two-forty. Arriving home, he enjoys some form of recreation for an hour. He does an hour's homework before eating, returns to homework, finishes up, and goes to bed as soon as possible—perhaps at ten-thirty or eleven o'clock.

Let us now take up the system from nine to two-thirty. Did we say that he finishes his homework at night? That was wrong. In the majority of cases, his Latin is done before school (if he can get in early enough to join in the huddle), and some other home lesson in the study and home-room periods; that is, if he can write fast enough. Most numerous of all are the formulas for "fixing up" what he has not the time to do, and almost equal in number are the systems for applying these formulas. In fact, so numerous are they that we are unable in this short article to cite them specifically. But there is a system for evading homework, for evading misdemeanor marks received for evading homework, for evading teachers in order to evade the marks, and so forth. Like the brook, we could go on forever in this tale of evasion.

These systems are so natural, albeit they do reduce life to a routine, that a boy can and does follow them without thinking about them. He does not say to himself, "What shall I do next?" He goes ahead and *does* it. Thus, his mind is more free to devote his thinking to the important matters of his subjects. Too, the routine is well broken up by variations one encounters in study. One day he must learn one thing, next day he must learn another; one day he finds a new thought, the day after, another new thought. He is forever encountering novelties (in the way of human actions, perhaps!) in the hours that he attends classes, and he enjoys himself in the recess—and lunch—periods.

Such systematizing, therefore, is not humdrum. If it works too well, there is one fault which it has: a boy who can always get his Latin done for him before school will not be as expert in sight translation (for the subsequent College Boards) as his less(?) fortunate school-fellow—who neithers likes to do his Latin, nor get to school early.

R. W. A.

A PLEA FOR BASEBALL CANDIDATES

Before this number of the "Register" reaches your hands, Coach Charlie Fitzgerald will probably have issued the first call for candidates for the baseball team. If this is the case, and if you have not already done so, why not get down to the "Gym" at 2:30 and join the letter-men from last year and those who hope to win their letter this year. What have you to lose? After-school practice sessions are over before five o'clock, and how many of you could not spare two or three hours from regular activities to go out for the team? The school needs you, all of you, and it is your duty to fulfill your obligations. Perhaps you are not good enough to make the team this year, next year, or any other year; but the only way to find out is to try for the team and have the coach compare your ability with that of the other candidates. Let's have no excuses! Last year the team succeeded in downing English; but seven of the regulars were lost through graduation, so that their positions are now open. Every one is a logical candidate and letter-man until proven otherwise. Give yourself and your school a chance! Let's beat English! We did it in '37, and with your help we'll do it again in '38!

E. F. K.

THE "WHY" OF WRITING

Consultation of any history book will show you that writing begins when people become intellectually alive. Literature is a thermometer of the mental times. A dime novel, by its price alone, indicates for what class of people it is intended and likewise the depth of their minds. Great literature shows us the intellect of the man who writes—but more than that; it manifests the type of mind for which such material is written.

Great eras produce great authors; great schools should do likewise. The Latin School, even if only because of respect accorded it for its age, can truly be considered great.

Therefore, why do we not produce great writers? The question is indeed puzzling. We feel that there is yet undeveloped talent among the students of our school and would like to bring its gleaming light out from under its bushel to illuminate us all, but what can we do?

If you, dear reader, can tell us what is best to do in this concern, we shall be much obliged, but even better than that: put your pen to paper and watch the words flow evenly from it. It is, indeed, a pleasure to receive spontaneous contributions. They are easy to read, and nearly always first thoughts are best. If you lack time, we cannot help you; but if it is only pen and paper you need, ask your home-room teacher. He will supply the materials if you will but provide the ideas.

W. M. Berger, '38

LATIN CONTEST

This is the second and last division of the contest, the rules of which appeared last month. Entries must be submitted to the Chairman of the Classical Club Con-

test Committee, Edward B. Turner of Room 302, within the week following the distribution of the *Register*.

PART I

- .45. nota bene
-ut infra
-plexus
-stet
-de facto
-rara avis
-noli pugnare duobus
-da locum melioribus
-uno animo
-per saltum
-patris est filius
-ex animo
-propria domus omnium optima
-pro rata
-proh pudor

PART II

-non deficit alter
-simplex munditiis
-helluo librorum
-toto caelo
-nosce teipsum
-de iure
-occupet extremum scabies
-festina lente
-nunc ferrum in igni est
- .35. studio culinae tenetur
-terra firma
-novus homo
-caveat emptor
-in extremis
-prima facie

- 15. really
- 1. he is a chip of the old block
- 2. no man is indispensable
- 3. on trial
- 4. by a leap
- 5. in a safe sky
- 6. a safe footing
- 7. he hit the nail on the head
- 8. to move noisily
- 9. from the effect to the cause
- 10. pardon yourself
- 11. O, for shame
- 12. with firm fright
- 13. two to one is odds
- 14. to an exalted state
- 16. he thinks of nothing but eating
- 17. the devil take the hindmost
- 18. as below
- 19. a bookworm
- 20. neat but not gaudy
- 21. a constant companion
- 22. a rare bird
- 23. at the first glance
- 24. a web
- 25. unanimously
- 26. the lazy man does not use his ears
- 27. let it stand
- 28. know thyself
- 29. from the jury
- 30. diametrically opposite
- 31. make haste slowly
- 32. there's no place like home
- 33. by right
- 34. heartily
- 35. he is held by desire of culture
- 36. a faithful friend
- 37. resistance
- 38. to fight with one and another
- 39. we judge of the whole from the part
- 40. in proportion
- 41. do you wish to be lazy

PART III

....non auriga piger
quieta non movere
ad astra
 42. vade mecum
primo intuitio
rem acu tetigit
fidus Achates
vis inertiae
ex pede Herculem
a priori
pendente lite
 43. plenus rimarum sum
fides Punica
 49. proprio motu
piscem natare doces

42. at the ford with me
43. I am well supplied with rimes
44. treachery
45. notice carefully
46. the fish swims to the docks
47. iron is now incombustible
48. let the buyer beware
49. spontaneously
50. don't expect me to keep a secret
51. the second one is inefficient
52. strike while the iron is hot
53. at sight
54. from the cause to the effect
55. to let well enough alone
56. an upstart
57. make way for your betters
58. an alert driver
59. you're wasting your time and labor
60. at the point of death

THE RENAISSANCE

It was a warm, almost sultry evening. The calmness peculiar to early nights was broken only by a few distant automobile horns, and an occasional chattering couple. To many, however, this was more than merely a quiet June night. It was, instead, a night of expectancy, of nervous anticipation. For in one building, a long, red-brick edifice, was laughter, frequent shouting, a strummed guitar. A nobleman in a picturesque kimono experimented with a stubborn fan. Beside him a pair of slight, pretty maidens with sleek black hair busily arranged ruffles on their dresses. Around the room socks, shirts, pants, and ties were strewn. When a man obviously vested with authority entered and spoke a few quiet words, a hush fell over the room. With little conversation the group walked down the corridor and filed through a small brown door. The row of stately noblemen was beyond nervousness now, because it was too late to experience any emotion. To them was

assigned the job—and a difficult one it was, too—of opening the show! Fortified by months of practice, study, hard work, they now at last found themselves firmly believing that they could, and would.

And they did! The curtain parted slowly; and as it did, a wave of faces seemed to roll over the footlights. This was the first time most of these boys had ever seen the *other* side of the theater. You don't appreciate how easy it is to be an audience. The *effort* is required of the actors. From the moment that curtain opened till the instant it closed, those boys did their best, and the audience responded generously. Through the "Wandering Minstrel Serenade," the entrance of Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu, "Three Little Maids from School," "The Moon Song," "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," and "Tit-Willow," to the splendid finale, "The Mikado" was a success! It would have suited almost any Gilbert and Sullivan audience. But

this one, composed of proud parents, inveigled faculty members, and a few—very few—skeptical students, had come doubtful about what these boys could do. After all, it is an ambitious venture for the Glee Club's first attempt. But if praise was abundant, these forty-odd boys warranted it. They had worked all year learning the score, the directions, absorbing the actions, staying sometimes until five o'clock on winter afternoons, to make the Glee Club come into its own. Previous to this time it was but a secondary organization; a concert a year, a few octette arrangements at assembly, a bit of choral singing, perhaps—that was the extent of its activities. Enrollment was scant; they hadn't even bothered to elect officers up to this time. It seemed to be a renegade group, a pariah, among the extra-curricular organizations, and the two—I mean *few*—loyal members decided it was time to do something about it—or fold up! "The Mikado" was the result.

Just who was responsible for this Renaissance? We of the Glee Club have been fortunate to have in Mr. T. Francis Burke, Assistant Supervisor of Music in the City of Boston Schools, that very man. It was through his inspiration that we attempted Gilbert and Sullivan. Boston Latin School was the first high school in the city ever to do the professional version of "The Mikado." Mr. Burke's difficulty is that every year he loses his first-string men, just as the football coach does. Without all of last year's stars, he is still expected to put on an even better show "this year." Where a coach has seven or eight chances, though, he has only one! You see what a gigantic undertaking it is, then, to select out of one hundred candidates—yes, that is right!—material for the show, chorus and principals alike. And say, the latter part of it requires tact. A boy who had a soprano voice and who perhaps had the ingenue lead last year may

lose that sweet voice over the summer and become a baritone. However, faces and figures don't adjust themselves that quickly, and consequently, a chorus part is the only thing for the disillusioned heroine. It's up to Mr. Burke to soothe the deflated ego and in that way conserve possible material for a bass or baritone lead in the future.

It is a difficult assignment, and he naturally cannot carry on alone. To his assistance have come several talented members of our faculty, who certainly have rendered invaluable aid. The first year Mr. Russo did his usual excellent job in directing the dramatic end of the "Mikado," while Messrs. Marnell and Collins cared for the business end. Last year Mr. Gordon worked hard, and you who saw "Pinafore" know what the fruit of his labors was. Mr. Hopkinson accompanied on the piano. This year Mr. Cheetham is bringing great results, while Mr. Klein is sure to get coöperation. With these fine directors, headed by Mr. Burke, we cannot help making this year's production a success, both artistically and financially. But, of course, it hasn't been exactly a bonanza. As I have explained before, it has taken tremendous effort to get people interested in Gilbert and Sullivan as done by amateurs. The first year, we brooked audience opposition—a tough thing to conquer. What audiences there was—only half filled the hall. (So few of you Latin School men saw "The Mikado" that we are considering putting it on next year, in order to let you see what a grand "show" it is.) It was up to us to emancipate the Glee Club, and draw a few customers to "Pinafore." Many more came than we expected—to put it mildly. We're going strong towards the "Pirates of Penzance," and at present are embroiled in rehearsals. We hope to see you this year on the receiving end.

Russell J. Robinson, '39

PETITION

Dear Mr. President.

I am sixteen years old and am in my third second year at the Boston Public Latin School. My father voted for you five times in the last election and I would have, too, if I had been able to vote. I think you are swell, but don't you think the Federal Government ought to interfere in education? I would like you better if you had Congress pass the following bill:

REGULATIONS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

Article One—Lunch

Clause 1. Lunches consisting of hot-dogs, ice-cream, cake, cookies, soda pop, candy, sandwiches, etc. shall be furnished free of charge to all pupils.

Clause 2. Pupils may carry their lunches to classes and eat whenever they wish.

Clause 3. All beef stew must contain beef; all lettuce sandwiches must contain lettuce; all apple pie must contain apples; etc., etc.

Clause 4. All "spuckies" must be chewable and digestible.

Clause 5. All teachers must get their own lunches.

Article Two—Tests

Clause 1. No test may be given without at least one week's notice.

Clause 2. All tests must be returned marked before the end of the period in which they are given.

Clause 3. All tests shall be marked by a machine which makes no mistakes except in favor of the pupil.

Clause 4. A teacher must answer any and all questions addressed to him during a test.

Article Three — Assemblies and Public Declamations

Clause 1. There shall be an assembly each Monday morning at which two first-run features, one Robert Benchley short, one news-reel, one Silly Symphony, and

previews of coming attractions shall be shown.

Clause 2. No more than five boys shall deliver selections at a Public Declamation.

Clause 3. All declamations must be humorous.

Clause 4. "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral," by Mark Twain, shall be given an old-age pension and retired.

Clause 5. Boys may walk in and out of Public Declamations at will.

Clause 6. (Cancelling Clauses 2, 3, and 4, and amending Clause 5). The institution of Public Declamation shall be abolished.

Article Four—Drill

Clause 1. All First Classmen shall be either captains or second second lieutenants.

Clause 2. All second, third, and fourth-classmen shall be sergeants.

Article Five—Recitations

Clause 1. A teacher must inform a boy one day in advance if he is to be called upon for a recitation.

Clause 2. A teacher may not call upon a boy for a recitation more than once a month.

Clause 3. A boy may be excused from giving a recitation if he presents satisfactory evidence that he reads "Dick Tracy" and "Li'l Abner."

Clause 4. All teachers must take advanced courses in "How to Crack Original Jokes."

Clause 5. Fifteen minutes of each recitation period shall be devoted to discussions of sports.

Article Six—Study Periods

Clause 1. Boys may sit wherever they choose in a study-hall.

Clause 2. All forms of communication shall be permitted during a study-period.

Clause 3. All study-halls must be equipped with news-stands.

Clause 4. No teacher may be in charge of a study-hall unless he can tap-dance,

juggle, perform sleight-of-hand tricks, or in some way provide entertainment.

Article Seven—Home-Work

Clause 1. No class may have more than two prepared periods a week in any subject.

Clause 2. No home-lesson may take more than fifteen minutes to do.

Clause 3. A teacher must do a home-lesson in class one day before said home-

lesson is due.

Article Eight—General Regulations

Clause 1. All desks must be provided with pillows and all chairs must be upholstered.

Thank you very much for making easier the life of 2500 struggling schoolboys.

Yours gratefully,

I. M. Sappi

L. Eric Liberman, '38

THE END OF THE TRAIL

On a morning when the filtering beams of the sun are reflected upon the fleecy clouds below; when the rugged blue of the snow-capped peaks is boldly outlined against the softer blue of the heavens; when every rill and chasm in the mountain's harsh contour conceals a jet of dewy mist, on such a morning all the rigors and perils of mountain-climbing are well repaid. Nowhere else on earth are all the beauties of nature more generously revealed than from the mountain heights. My story, however, has to do with a different phase of lofty adventure.

In a little Swiss chalet near the German border, my friend and I had hired a guide, a venerable, old man with crinkly, iron-gray hair, to take us over one of the numerous mountain ridges. As we were not paying for the ascent out of our own resources, we prepared ourselves to enjoy the trip, little expecting what was to befall us.

Bidding farewell to our comfortable hotel, we followed without difficulty a well-worn trail from the foot of the mountain to a monastery several hundred meters above. Here we warmed ourselves and wrote our names and destination in a ledger to facilitate hunting for us if we should lose our way. As we resumed the ascent, the path became far more tortuous and precipitous and we had difficulty in retaining our footing. Our only connection with the guide was the coil of rope tied about our bodies.

In the rarified air I found considerable

distress in breathing or exerting myself in any way. My friend did not experience these symptoms until we reached a higher altitude. The foreboding of the weather preyed upon the mind of our guide. Whenever eddying clouds enfolded us, the Swiss ordered us to seat ourselves where we were; and not until the moist fog passed, did we resume our climb.

Our guide's fears were realized, when, in our anxiety over the thickening gray, we left the main path for one less frequented and proceeded on a track hewn out of the face of a cliff. Far below us, the bottom was obscured by a dense, gray haze, and when we looked above, my friend and I were filled with consternation. Directly before us, our path ended abruptly. A difficult overhang was fitted with hooks to which we were to fasten our lines. A swing in space and we should land on a ledge further up. To write of it is tremendously easier than to accomplish the feat.

I was the first to attempt the crossing, for the guide had to disengage the rope from the hooks when he clambered over. I soared dizzily into space and with a breath-taking jolt, I crashed into the ledge, managed to grasp the edge of a stone, and pulled myself up. After I had aided my friend to gain a foothold, the native loosened the rope and started toward us. Cruel fate sent him hurtling downward.

With rare presence of mind, my col-

league gave our end of the rope several turns about a jagged rock. The guide lurched and was hurled against the unyielding precipice when the line suddenly tautened. Fearfully we drew him up and stretched him in a sheltered spot to examine him. All methods of first aid failed to revive him, but his heart still beat faintly. Our only hope was to bear him, as quickly as possible, to the monastery.

Since it was impossible to return by way of the overhang, we started forward, carrying his limp form between us. After many weary hours, we unexpectedly stumbled upon the old path which we had abandoned earlier. Evidently the

branch trail we had taken was a short cut used by experienced mountaineers. By resting frequently and hugging the trail to which Providence alone had led us, we arrived intact with our burden. After the good friars made a cursory examination, they informed us that there was little hope for his recovery because of numerous broken bones and internal injuries. His health, however, thwarted death, and a year later he was sound again.

Today our old guide, although he no longer climbs mountains, does conduct a popular inn near the mountain which nearly caused his end.

A. Nagel, '38

YOUNG SCROOGE

They called him Young Scrooge at the office. They would call him Old Scrooge in another twenty years . . . if he lived that long. Horatio Lombard, III, president of Lombard & Son, expert accountants, swept fitfully at the pile of papers on his desk, tore up the few Christmas cards that appeared in the mail. Very well; if they called him Young Scrooge, and kept hanging gayly colored Christmas wreaths on his only window, taking fiendish delight in replacing each one he tore down with a fresh one, he'd show them what a Scrooge could be like. He coughed again, the wracking, deep-seated cough, and he forgot about them and Christmas and good cheer in the depths of his self-pity. His great-grandfather had died from "galloping consumption," his old uncle out in Detroit had strangled slowly before he finally died on Christmas Eve seven years ago . . . They both had wracking, deep-seated coughs like his.

True, he had never been a purveyor of light and cheer at any time of the year, but this thing which was slowly eating him away never gave him even a chance. Always there were bright, red-faced

young fools, healthy and sound, big-muscled and strong, chorusing "Merry Christmas, boss!" in his ears, when he wanted to be alone, to think of the ways in which he could pile up all the money possible before . . .

He was only thirty-two. And he had to die—had to be snuffed out like a candle, a yellow wax candle, whose color his own skin so closely matched.

How did he know? He did not. He only sensed it. He remembered the night when he could not sleep. There seemed to be a great, strangling bar across his throat . . . he was bathed in cold perspiration, yet he was shivering . . . and today, at three o'clock, in this very office, with its cold, bleak walls, its Currier & Ives calendar on the wall, he would learn the truth. He sat motionless, his muscles tense, his eyes staring at the spidery hands of the clock, as they moved slowly around their eternal orbit.

They called him a skinflint. They called him tight, a miser. If they could only realize. He was dying! He had to save all he could—every penny. That was his ambition: to leave much to charity, and

even more to his immediate family, consisting of his wife and daughter. The office had it that he became twice as human as he usually was—that is, half as human as the ordinary man—whenever his family visited him at the office.

He had been planning on it for the past year,—ever since he had known that he was dying. His will was all drawn up and waiting. Then he would have one grand, final fling at life—abandon himself to whatever came along—forget the office, go off to a resort, act like a playboy . . . and wait until it came. The hands of the clock said three.

* * *

"I'm not going to mince words with you, Horatio," said Dr. Roaldson. He was bald, the white strands of hair about his ears and the back of his round, full head were the only hair he had left on his head. Roaldson was famous for his treatment of tuberculosis. Now he looked very gravely upon Young Scrooge.

"How long do you give me?" asked Horatio, his voice strangely unemotional. It was as though he had known the outcome of the examination all along, thought Dr. Roaldson.

"About six months, I should say—if you take good care of yourself. If you stay in bed all the time, you may stretch it to a year. But frankly, Horatio, I would take the six months and have a good time—if I were you."

"But—but I'm strong yet! Look! I'm as healthy as a babe—" Young Scrooge pounded himself upon the chest, dropped into an armchair, convulsed in a fit of coughing which seemed to tear him limb from limb. After it was over, he slowly raised his head, was delighted to see the start of surprise in the doctor when he replied, "That is just what I'm going to do! Paint the town red!"

As he went home that night, carolers joyously sang "The First Noel," and bells rang out throatily through the gay, crisp night, to proclaim Christmas Eve.

* * *

The resort was pleasant. Young

Scrooge enjoyed it very much. He had a good time playing tennis, golf, swimming, riding surfboard. But what he really enjoyed most was the fact that he was dying. It made him feel important to see little groups cup their hands over their mouths and half whispering to their neighbors, tell about him . . . and his illness.

"That's H. Lombard III—he's incurable. He's come here to die." That was what he imagined them to be saying. But really they were saying this:—"There goes that neurotic Lombard. Boy, I wish I had his dough!"

Five months passed. One more to go. And he ordered tanks of oxygen to be placed outside his door, so that when the time came, he would not strangle like his old uncle in Detroit. He made arrangements for the disposal of his money. He gave a huge sum to charity . . . donated an eighteen-hole golf course to the resort, and sat back, patiently waiting to die. But the six months came, and he did not die. Alarmed, he left the resort, took a plane home.

When he arrived, it was June. The city was hot, dusty, smoky; its atmosphere was humid. Everywhere people carried their coats over their bared arms. Their faces were sweaty, fish white. He shivered when he got into his office. There was dust everywhere . . . It was murky, grey.

He picked up the telephone, dialed Dr. Roaldson's office. The secretary answered.

"Didn't you hear?" she asked, in a shocked voice. "Dr. Roaldson died of tuberculosis, last Sunday at three o'clock." She seemed to relish the details.

"Was he sick very long?" asked Horatio, after a pause.

"Yes, he was bedridden for the past five months. He wanted to stretch it out as long as he could, he said. We urged him to take a rest, try and get better, but he—"

"I see," said Young Scrooge, gently replacing the receiver.

Quietly he walked out of his office, stopped behind a filing cabinet when he

heard his name mentioned. Two of the accountants were talking and laughing.

"Will he be mad when he finds out what a trick his wife played on him! Thought he was going to kick the bucket, and he got generous with his dough!"

"Yeah," agreed the other. "We can think Mrs. Lombard for givin' us a rest of six months, anyway. But he's back now, and that little joke won't make him any easier to live with. I pity his wife and that cute little kid of his . . ."

* * *

He caught sight of himself in a store window as he walked purposefully down the street. He was much heavier, he was bronzed and hard-looking. A big contrast to the other people that streamed around him, their coats over their arms, fagged and drawn from the heat of the sun.

How ironical it was, Dr. Roaldson advising him to spend his six months in riotous living, and then spending his own six months in bed. Despite the conversation he had just overheard, he wasn't so sure he wouldn't be stricken, after all. That wracking cough. He found a kind of pleasure thinking about how he had planned his death . . . his oxygen tanks outside the door. How would the rest of the resort take it? The people would be packing up and going home—or would they?

"But what did you gain by asking Dr. Roaldson to falsify his diagnosis?" he asked her, when the insurance doctor from the Prudential had gone, after having declared him "as fit a specimen as a man can be." He had not intended taking out any insurance—he had enough already; but he knew that insurance doctors would tell the truth.

"Horatio, you must understand—"

"Did any of the employees at the office put you up to this?" he cried viciously; then realized the absurdity of the question.

"That's entirely unfair, Horatio!" she burst out. "If you'll just let me explain without any interruption from you . . . You see," she declared, putting her head

up defiantly, "for the last year or so you'd been getting to be such an old Scrooge—albeit a young one—sitting at your desk in that dark, creepy little cubbyhole of yours, just making money, saving up every penny you made, getting stingier and more crotchety every day—"

"And what was I doing it for? All for you and Josie! Is this the gratitude I get for—" he cried passionately.

"Horatio! Josie and I would rather have you as you used to be—not just a pile of cold pennies and crumpled bank notes! And yet you were almost unbearable in your Scrooge stage. But now, I think things will be different."

"Then they weren't just . . . just talking to make me mad at them . . . They weren't just trying to see how far they could make me go—Then everyone noticed it . . . I wonder if I'm still a young Scrooge?"

FIVE—5141

"No," she said softly. "You aren't. I knew that you were afraid of dying. You thought that you had tuberculosis. You thought, because your uncle and your great grandfather died, that you must die, too—you thought that a nervous breakdown was a severe case of tuberculosis, and you thought it was hereditary. I suppose it might have been easier if Dr. Roaldson had told you that nothing was the matter with you, but you would have just gone on working, and probably would have gotten really sick. Don't you see, we had to pull you out of that little cubbyhole—get you to go outside into the sun, where you could lead a healthy life, and were still young enough to have it do you some real good—and above all, to get you to have a good time, to spend a little of all that money you've been saving? And we won, too!" She became sober for a moment. "It's sad that Dr. Roaldson isn't here to see how great a victory we won—to see the great change in you . . ."

"Come on," he said, after a little silence; "let's go out. Put on your glad rags, and we'll go to a night club . . . and celebrate the death of this gentleman they call Young Scrooge!"

COMPENSATION

What is the meaning of compensation?
Often it's just that vague elation
That comes with the knowledge of battles
 won,
Of a trust fulfilled, or a task well
 done . . .
 That's compensation.

The lover who dwells in a "castle sans
 care,"
Possessed of the heart of a lady fair,
Recalling her glance as she whispered,
 "Yes,"
Requires naught but a tender caress
 For compensation.

The poet, whose labor is one of creation,
Whose verses are sources of inspiration,
Is inspired himself by verbal bouquets
And revels in only a little praise . . .
 His compensation.

To many, too many, it must be material;
They have no respect for rewards
 ethereal.
They must have gold that they can touch,
A tangible something that they can
 clutch
 As compensation.

Still others there are who toil on this
 sphere,
Paying their way with a smile and a
 tear;
Great-souled, little-known, strong though
 weak,
Most deserving of all, and yet they seek
 No compensation.

F. J. Lee, '39

NUNC AUT NUMQUAM

"The thing to do," said an ancient sage,
 "Is to do the thing." And he's right,
For no matter how much a man may work
 From dawn to twilight, day and night,
It doesn't much matter the way it's done;
But it's almost finished when well begun.
The times have changed since the old
 man lived;
 New ideas have been brought to light.
But the same old saw is as good as new;
 For what's wrong is wrong, and what's
 right is right.

To do it now's the important thing;
 "The thing to do is to do the thing."

So at work or at play, at home or school,
 The way to get through what you do
Is to work your hardest with all your
 might;
 The gift of effort is given to few.
So do your job; 'tis no matter how—
But remember the motto, "Do it now."

W. Berger, '38

TO A FORGOTTEN FREIGHTER

You lie there in the river-bed, with dory-
 boats for neighbors,
Your once proud bridge a shattered
 monument atop false sides;
You rot there in the river-bed, far from
 your weary labors,
And your rusty, salt-encrusted heart
 complains to mourning tides.

Of how your master left you to a common
 pauper's grave,
Even though you labored for him on the
 seven seas,
And fought the wind, and braved the

storms, and pierced the piling
 wave.
Your destiny was but to be a tomb of
 memories.

Oh, noble wreck, you are a great ex-
 ample of the way
In which fate treats so many men who
 work to help another,
And for their hardships gain a curse, and
 then are not allowed to stay
In life, but must return by slow degrees
 to earth, the mother.

F. A. Grenier, '39

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



Mr. Cheetham, A.B., A.M. Room 114.
Born in 1888. He was graduated from Bates College in 1911 with a degree of A.B. Received his A.M. from Columbia in 1923. Married, he has two children. During the War, took an extension course at Annapolis; he served on the battleship "Connecticut" and the destroyer "Cole." He teaches Mathematics.

bridge Latin '12; Harvard, A.B. '16; A.M. '30. "One of the best quarterbacks in the East," according to the newspapers of his day at college. Two years ago studied at Heidelberg University and attended the Olympics. Married. Has two children. He is a World War veteran. Teaches French.

* * * *



Mr. Thompson, B.S., Ed.M. Room 318. Born, 1896. Graduated B. U., 1920. Ed.M. from Harvard in 1921. Certificate from M. I. T. Came to B. L. S. and 1930. Was a draftsman in Navy Department during World War. Married, he has one child. In charge of school mimeographing. Teaches Chemistry and General Science.

Mr. Pennypacker: Room 108. Cam-



Mr. Russo, A.M. Room 106. Born in 1899. He was graduated from Boston College and received his A.M. in 1922. Married, he has four children. Director of the Dramatics Club, he has supervised many plays, including the very successful "Journey's End," which had a repeat performance last year. He is a veteran of the World War. Teaches English.

* * * * *

THE PROBLEM OF THE RED AND BLACK CROSSES

Years and years ago, in the far-away kingdom of Turkabia, reigned a Sultan who was the kindest and best ruler the East had ever known. One day, he decided to do away with the meddling Prime Minister, and put in his place the wisest man in the realm. He therefore publicly announced a great contest in which a series of elimination rounds would be conducted, in order to narrow down his choice. From all parts of the land came seers and sages, but so difficult were the trials that on the thirtieth day only three wise men, all apparently equal in intelligence, remained. The Sultan himself was now faced with a severe problem: how could he find which one of them was most fit to be his Prime Minister? He racked his brains for many days until finally on the forty-ninth day, he had a test so hard that only the most sagacious could pass it.

Accordingly, he called the three contestants to his chamber upon the next day. When all three were there, he commanded

a slave to bring in three silken blindfolds. He then had each man blindfolded, and had three of his wives take two pieces of crayon and mark upon the forehead of each respective contestant a red or a black cross, at their discretion. So it was that each sage, when all would simultaneously remove the blindfolds, would see a cross of either color on the brows of the other two. They were instructed, immediately upon seeing a red cross on the forehead of another, to raise their hands. As soon as they were able to ascertain their own color, without, of course, looking, they were quickly to bring down their hands. The first to do so would be declared winner. Then, at a given signal, the three men, whose names were Abdul, Boola, and Calgese—whom we shall call A—B—and C—respectively—pulled off their blindfolds. A—saw on the foreheads of his two compatriots red crosses. How did A—discover what color his cross was?

(Answer next month)



After constant probing through college and high school publications, we emerge with these tid-bits. The following are a few of the answers given in the most recent "exams" at Northeastern, as disclosed in the "*Northeastern News*."

1. A Punic Civilization was (quote) a civilization which was puny and anemic. (unquote).

2. "Mesozoic" was defined as "a four-legged bi-ped which ate plants and animals and a lot of other living things sometimes when it hungered back a million or a billion years ago."

3. "Zwieback" was "the last word in the dictionary, I guess."

In the magazine section of the Brookline High School "*Sagamore*," we came across the descriptive poem, "To a Loon," by H. Abrams.

"A mournful wail drifts out across the lake.

The lapping waters stop and listen, still.
A moonlit path now shimmers in its wake,
And sudden cold becomes the grassy rill.
A silence full of tears and sobs, veils,
 round;

And humans shiver at the eery cry.
The mountains all about the lake rebound,
And thrice again comes back that heavy sigh.

Now lower still the willow droops its cape.
The forest dark upon the night its crepe
Melts off. But not again returns that plaint
Of lonely hearts that causes souls to faint.
Ah! lonely loon—we hear you. We know
 why

The night alone is cover for your cry."

From the Boston College High School "*Botolphian*," we quote "The Sea," written by Robert Shaughnessy.

The corrugated surface, green and dark,

A sapphire set in glittering gold,

The breeding place of octopus and shark;

The passage from the new land to the old;

A savage slayer on a rocky shore,

A wilderness where wild winds run;

An evil genius with his evil lore,

He strikes and leaves no trace of danger done.

No pirate boasts of such high crime;

No benefactor boasts of so much good;

Older than life itself, he laughs at time—

A paradox that's never understood,

A bitterness and sweetness in a blend—

The Sea—a mighty monster and a friend."

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following school publications.

THE ARGUS

Gardner High School
Gardner, Mass.

THE ARTISAN

Mechanic Arts High School
Boston, Mass.

THE NORTH STAR

Wichita High School North
Wichita, Kansas

THE COURIER

Hyde Park High School
Hyde Park, Mass.

THE DISTAFF

Girls' High School
Boston, Mass.

THE MAGNET

Leominster High School
Leominster, Mass.

THE HEBRONIAN

Hebron Academy
Hebron, Maine.

THE COLBY ECHO

Colby College
Waterville, Maine

THE WHITE AND BLUE

Sidney Lanier High School
Montgomery, Alabama

THE ITEM

Dorchester High School for Girls
Dorchester, Mass.

M. W. H.

SCHOOL NOTES

This year, stronger than ever, and supplemented by a recent newspaper article, rumor has it that our present khaki-colored uniforms are to be replaced within the next two years by the traditional blue. There will be no breeches, but regulation long trousers with a stripe down the side. Ducky, what? (And expensive!)

* * * * *

....The Boston Latin School Chess and Checker Club is now the city champion—thanks to Bert Winer of Class 2. As this column goes to press, there is a possibility that Winer may have won the State Championship and a handsome plaque for B. L. S.

* * * * *

....It was interesting to note that, of the six Harvard men engaged in that "International Spelling Bee" of a few Sundays ago, two, Sumner E. Turetzky and Arthur Cantor, were B. L. S. graduates of the Class of '36. Eight students from Oxford University matched their accents

with six Harvard lads and two Radcliffe girls, and a very interesting radio hookup enabled each team to hear the other as if it were in the same studio. When the forty-five minutes had elapsed, Arthur Cantor was tied for first place and the announcer was fit to be tied. Cantor made SURE the announcer pronounced each word correctly. (Perhaps you remember Cantor as the Boston Spelling Champion of several years back or as the *Register's* editor-in-chief.)

* * * * *

....David Moses Walba of the Class of '34 has been officially reported "killed in action" in Spain. He was a member of the Loyalists' Abraham Lincoln Brigade composed of American volunteers.

* * * * *

...."Charlie" Savage notes: Last month, under the "Exchange" column, appeared a poem extracted from the Roslindale *Tattler*, written by William Fidler, called "Chemistry." The humor or the

irony of the situation is that Fidler was until recently a B. L. S. student and submitted the same article to the *Register* several times without success. It was not till he transferred to Roslindale and again submitted his masterpiece that it was placed in the *Register*—something like the Harvard admission situation.

* * * * *

.... "Tom" Earley, now P.G.'ing at B. L. S. is the same person who was All-Scholastic pitcher in '35, and who was signed by the Bees in '36. Last year, after graduation from Mission High, he was sent to Scranton, Pa., in the Class A New York-Penn league, where he proved himself to be a good prospect. This coming season he is to report back to Scranton, and if he has a good season, he will report for spring training with the Bees in '39. Good luck, Tom.

* * * * *

.... A recent survey has shown that average students have the best personalities and the so-called "D" students have the most fun while at school . . . and that's a long time. (It's a wonder that we don't have hysterics.)

* * * * *

.... Recent statistics also show that Latin School has done it again. Eighty-nine B. L. S. alumni graduated from Har-

vard last year, and of that number 42 per cent graduated with honors. Three graduated Summa Cum Laude; eight graduated Magna Cum Laude; and twenty-seven graduated Cum Laude. The three who graduated Summa are Saul Gerald Cohen, who majored in Chemistry; Morris Pascal Heins, who majored in "Math;" and Hubert Henry Neson, who majored in Economics. The last two mentioned are the same gentlemen who, as we previously reported, have won the Henry Russell Shaw traveling fellowships.

.... Our new ambassador to London, Joseph P. Kennedy, about whom you have been reading so much recently, is a B.L.S. alumnus, Class of '08.

* * * * *

.... You probably remember the announcement of a contest sponsored by a Boston Historical Society offering a \$100 first prize for an original historical essay. The contest was won by "Ed" Schnaper of B. L. S. Class of '37. (You may remember him as the class orator.)

* * * * *

.... It was reported last month that Albert Damon unfortunately was not selected in the final choice for the Rhodes Scholarship Award. He was, however, offered a fellowship by Oxford.

ACROSS THE STREET

Across the street a light turns on:
Our aged neighbor sets upon
His hobby, carving platters out
Of redwood. How he loves to rout
And gouge! But he will stop anon.

The light, that late so brightly shone,
Will cease, and with him will be gone;
No more his trays will stand about

Across the street.

No more I'll see him rise at dawn,
And, choking back a wheezy yawn,
Get up from bed and move about;
No more I'll see him, plagued with gout,
His old man's visage pale and wan,
Across the street.

Avrom I. Medalia, '38

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Jan. 14. Election of Class I representatives went on in the different rooms today. Yours Truly got one (1) vote. Either he voted for himself, or somebody has a sense of humor.

Jan. 17. A fire started in one of the lockers on the first floor during lunch period. However, our efficient fire brigade (Mr. "Charlie" Fitzgerald) extinguished the blaze and saved the school. Three cheers, boys—hip—hip—*Pfui!*

Jan. 18. Mr. Shea, that man, is here again with "two apples make a pear."

Jan. 19. A curious situation involving the actors in the Dramatic Club's "Hamlet" comes to our attention. Guildenstern ("Dick" Mekelburg) seems to be taking a fancy to Ophelia (you want to know?). Trying to improve on Shakespeare, Dick?

Jan. 20. Report cards came out today. The others are eyeing the Queen. (Can we blame them?)

Ye R. R. R. showed his, on the street, to one of his friends and caused a five-minute traffic jam.

Jan. 21. "Bob" Greenberg comes up with this proof that age does not bring wisdom:

"Passing's joy I knew when a boy;
TODAY I AM A MAN."

Jan. 24. Berger thinks the following are clever, and who are we to argue? "Have you ever seen a herd? Have you ever heard a scene? You've heard a canary chirp, but did you ever hear dirt cheap?"

Jan. 25. Had our year-book pictures taken today. Now anxiously awaiting developments. Alman hopes they got the right end.

Jan. 26. Sniff, Sniff! Those janitors are at it again.

Jan. 27. Now "Bernie" Rome is running around the building shouting in his Russian accent, "This is the Fuller borsch man." (Oh, foo!)

Jan. 28. "L'Aiglon" was played here by G. L. S. Couldn't give our opinion on it because we were kept away by—er—well, "*res in imperatore.*"

Jan. 31. Mr. Powers spoke on college requirements at the Class I, II, III Assembly today. Finally, assembly was dismissed, but the Seniors had already passed out.

Feb. 1. The Physics Club fizzed today.

Feb. 2. A certain Third Classman brought a miniature radio into his home-room. How? Strange to relate, he had it concealed up his sleeve with earphone attached.

Feb. 3. Took one of our last years report cards home today. Anyway, that's over with.

Feb. 4. Heard at the Dramatics Club rehearsals:

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an *onion* (union!) shall he throw."

Feb. 7. "There are many kinds of doors, claims Mr. Benson, "sliding doors, revolving doors, glass doors, and cuspidors."

Feb. 8. Register Staff met today. They decided that this column should be written according to the short-sweet formula; the shorter, the sweeter.

Feb. 9. Classical Club met today. (All right, Horwitz; now you may put that axe away.)

Feb. 10. Carty: "Do you see any change in me?"

Savage: "No; why?"

Carty: "I just swallowed a nickel and a dime."

Feb. 11. Declamation. The band played, the orators shrieked, the audience applauded. We slept through it all.

Feb. 14. You may have heard this, but we still think it's good.

Juliet: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Romeo: "Down here, my chickadee." (Unquote).

Juliet: "Oh, come up in the balcony, Romeo. The seats are cheaper."

Feb. 15. It's scenes such as these that shake our faith in human nature. (And also shake these persistent ticket-sellers):

Senior (*Hand on Bible*): But I haven't a car.

Ticket Seller for Feb. 18 prom: I'll

drive you over.

Senior (*Hand on Heart*): But I've lost my girl.

T.S.: Come "stag;" I'll guarantee you a good time.

Senior (*Carefully keeping his hand away from Bible*): But I have no money.

T.S.: Well, I'll be—what did you say? Let me out of here!

Feb. 16. We wonder if the old adage, "Giving is greater pleasure than taking," was spoken by some Latin School pupil after an especially hard test.

Feb. 17. Hooray! We're approaching the beginning of vacation and the end of this column.

Feb. 18. Lots of things doing in school today, but all we could think of was

Feb. 19-27. *Vacation!!!*

Feb. 19. (About two o'clock in the morning): "Son, what do you mean by staying out at the prom so long?"

"'Twarn't nawthin', pop; why, Rip Van Winkle stayed out for twenty years, and yet *you're* kicking!"

The R. R. R'nt we all

ICY SIDEWALK

Last week there was a snowstorm,
And the people across the way
Forgot to clear their sidewalk;
So now, to their dismay,
It's ice!

Last night I watched the passers-by
Go slipping down the street,
Gliding and sliding gracefully,
But they all stayed on their feet . . .
How nice!

I passed by there myself today . . .
Odds bodkins! I did stunts!
My feet went out and I went down
Ignominiously, not just once,
But twice!

F. J. Lee, '39

HOT DOG—A TRAGEDY

[*With Apologies to Carl Sandburg*]

I went to the
grocery store yesterday. . . .
I saw
some children playing
on the corner with their dogs.
(Some day the children will be ashes
and the dogs frankfurters.)
I asked the grocer
where he lived, and he
said, "With my mother-in-law."

Joseph Caro, '38

LET'S CALL IT



QUIPS

Overheard after a rehearsal of the "Pirates of Penzance": "Lipson sure has a difficult part."

"Difficult? Why, he hasn't a word to say in the whole thing."

"Well, what could be more difficult for Lipson?"

"Something is preying on Dick's mind."
"Don't worry. It'll die of starvation."

Pupil (to ditto annoying him): "Don't bother me. I'm carrying a pair of 45's with me."

"Huh? Are you?"

"Yah. Report cards came out."

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.
—(*Christian World*)

"Stop sniffling, little boy. Can't you do something with your nose?" the austere old lady asked one of our star pupils, on the street car.

"Yes, ma'm," replied our hero, "I can keep it out of other folk's business."

Definitions: Etiquette is the noise you must not swallow your tea with when there's company. . . . A Senior is a boy who thinks the most important thing to pass isn't the next test, but the car ahead.

. . . A compliment is when you say something to someone which both of you know isn't true.

Heard about the corridor: "A dog was tied to a rope 12 feet long. Sixteen feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Aw, I've heard that before. You want me to say 'I give up,' and then you'll say 'So did the other dog'!"

"No, you're wrong: the dog got the bone."

"Well, then, how?"

"Why, the other end of the rope wasn't tied."

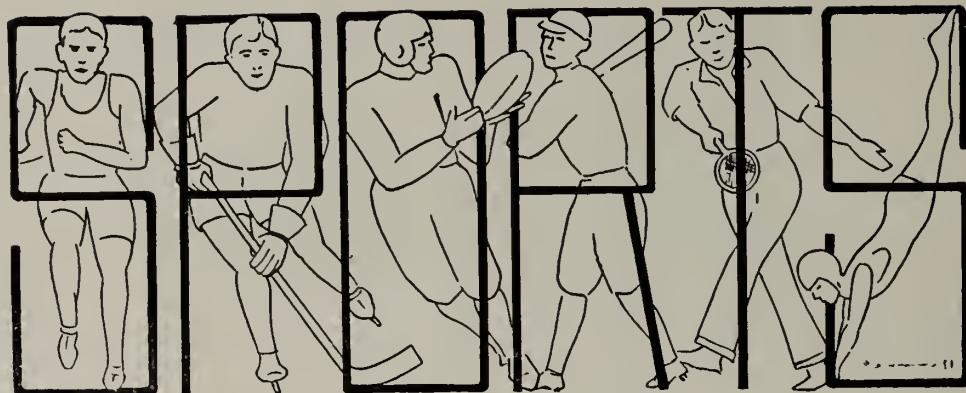
Schoolboy Boners (from "Boners," "More Boners," and "Still More Boners," compiled by Alexander Abington): "Voici l'anglais avec son sangfroid habituel!" "Here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold." . . . "Hors de combat!" "War horse." . . . "Cave canem!" "Beware! I may sing!"

An applicant for a job had been questioned as to his honesty.

"Sir," he replied, with dignity in his voice and pride in his bearing, "I was manager of a bathhouse for 14 years and never took even a bath."

"Did you learn the difference between right and wrong at your mother's knee?"

"No, across my father's."



CLASS MEET

On Thursday afternoon, January 13, Latin School held its annual Class Meet.

The "firsts" in Class A were taken by "Johnnie" Keefe, "Ed" Martin, "Art" Hall and Francis Rogan in the 300-yard run, the 50-yard dash, the 1000-yard run, and the 600-yard run, respectively. Class B "firsts" went to "Dick" Stiles in the hurdles, "Bill" Riley in the 50-yard dash and 300-yard run, and "Jim" Connolly in the 600-yard run. In Class C, "Charlie" Arnstein, "Phil" Feldman, Harry Keefe, and Leo Frank came out on top in their respective events: the hurdles, the dash, the "220" and the "440." "Joe" Freedman, "Bill" Ellis, and Harry Clark (twice a winner) took the four Class D events by winning the hurdles, the "220," the dash, and the "176" respectively.

According to the time-keeper, "Bill" Riley and "Phil" Feldman each ran the dash in 6 seconds; Stiles hurdled the hurdles in 7.4 seconds, and Riley earned his second first of the day by running the "300" in 37.3 seconds. Connolly ran the tiring "600" in 1:27.6 seconds, and Harry Keefe ran the "220" in 27.3 seconds.

Comparing the time of our boys with that of several other schools, it appeared that the wearers of the Purple and White would give a good account of themselves.

P. R. L., '38

LATIN VS MECHANICS VS TRADE

Latin school was again sandwiched in its second interscholastic meet by Mechanics and Trade. The final score was Mechanics— $185\frac{1}{2}$, Latin— $107\frac{1}{2}$, and Trade—62. On Wednesday, January 26, the strong Mechanics team sprinted to an early lead by taking $71\frac{1}{2}$ points, as against 33 for Trade, and $27\frac{1}{2}$ for Latin. Latin took only two places in the broadjumps—Arnstein leading the other Class C boys, and Fitzgerald placing third in the D group. The same number of places was captured in the highjumps—Feldman coming third among the sophomores, and Neyhus tying second for the freshmen. The shotput was the most advantageous as far as we were concerned. "Honest George" Mover won the A event; Milligan pulled up third in the B; "Steve" Rowen and Johnson came one-four in the C group; Glasson, second, was the lone ranger in the D throw.

The next day, in the Class C hurdles, Arnstein and "Steve" Rowen came third and fourth respectively. Cameron, Class A, led his bunch across the tape to a fast finish. The dashes, especially the sophomore one, were run off well. "Joe" Crowley and "Ed" Martin came one-two for A; Frank, Feldman, and Levine came one-two-four in C; and Clark pulled up to a second in D. In the D 176-yard dash, Miller and Fitzgerald came in two and

three, respectively. In the freshman "220," Ellis and Shea managed to capture the two last places. On the sophomore "220," Harry Keefe and Coughlin did somewhat better, getting places one and three. McVey placed number four in the C "440." Beyer placed fourth in the B "300," Keefe and Manager Tully coming two-four in the same event of Class A. "Jim" Connolly finished third in the Junior "600"; and, in the Senior "600," "Ed" Rowen, Bryant, and Rogan finished one-two-three in that order. Hall and Milligan finished two and three in the gruelling A "1000," well ahead of the other contestants.

Latin did comparatively well in the relay, winning the Class A over Mechanics and Trade, and also coming out in front of Mechanics and Trade in the sophomore. The freshmen finished a close second behind Mechanics, but the juniors trailed both Mechanics and Trade.

"The team put up a game, though losing, fight," said Coach Fitzgerald. "Mechanics had a strong team, but our $107\frac{1}{2}$ points stand out well against Trade's 62, don't they?"

P. R. L.

CLOSE FINISH

In a quadrangular meet with Trade, Commerce, and Dorchester, at the East Armory, the Purple speedsters eked out a victory over their rivals: $111\frac{1}{3}$ points against $98\frac{1}{2}$ for Trade, 91 for Dorchester, and $55\frac{1}{2}$ for Commerce.

In Class A, "Ronnie" Cameron pulled into first place in the hurdles, while "Eddie" Martin copped a second in the dash. The "300" saw Crowley and Keefe place one-two. In the "600", "Ed" Rowen was just nosed out in the final stretch. Bryant came in fourth. Latin's "Art" Hall finished third in the long "1000."

In Class B, Beyer surprised with a sec-

ond in the "300," and Connolly did the expected, crossing the tape first in the "600," with Lawlor breezing into third.

Class C brought many needed points to our rescue, when "Steve" Rowen grabbed first and Arnstein third in the hurdles; Levine and Feldman took first and third in the dash; Harry Keefe took the lead in the "220," but was nosed out in the last few strides. He was closely followed by "Bill" Coughlin. Leo Frank nosed out Gold of Dorchester in the fastest "440" run this year at the Armory. The time was 59 seconds flat. Winkeller wound up in third place.

The "Pony" Division saw Murray in fourth in the hurdles; Clark and Curran, second and fourth in the dash; Fitzgerald, third in the "176"; while Ellis, for the second week, trailed St. Clair Ward of Trade to the finish line.

The relay races were very successful, with A and B finishing third, and both C and D coasting home the winners.

The field events saw "Honest George" Mover taking first in the shot, in the Senior events. In Class B, Marshall Rice high jumped into the "show" position; while Walter Morris jumped into a fourth in the broad jump. Class C found Arnstein and Ajemian second and third in the broad jump, Rowen and Powers also finishing two-three in the shotput, while Phil Feldman tied for first in the high jump.

The "Midget" group brought "Ed" Wolper into third and Frank Murray into fourth in the high jump, Curran and Ellis two-four in the broad jump. Harold Glasser threw the weight for a second.

N. I. T.

LATIN--ENGLISH MEET

On February 16, the powerful blue-and-blue team of English High overcame an inferior but scrappy Latin track team

by the one-sided score of 160 to 69. English made a clean sweep in the relays, winning all races by narrow margins.

In the Class A hurdles, "Ronnie" Cameron and Marshall Rice came second and third, respectively. Stiles took fourth in the Class B hurdles—the only Latin runner to place. "Steve" Rowen and "Charlie" Arnstein placed second and fourth in the C event; and Neyhus took the lone Latin place, fourth, for the freshmen. English also won the dashes by a large margin, Latin taking only four places: "Ed" Martin, third in Class A; Feldman, breaking the tape in Class C; and Harry Clark and Martin Miller bringing up the Class D rear.

Beiman scored for Latin in the "176" by placing third. "Bill" Ellis led the way in the D "220," and Harry Keefe and "Bill" Coughlin came one-two in the C "220." Leo Frank, Harry Drake, and Herb Winheller, running the sophomore "440," came one, two, and four, respectively. In the B "300," Riley broke the tape; "Joe" Crowley did the same thing in the Senior event, while Henry made fourth.

Lawlor placed third in the Junior "600"; "Ed" Rowen and Bryant came two-four in the A "600." "Alex" Milligan, in the A "1000," puffed his way into third place; and, as already mentioned, English "cleaned up" in each relay.

The field events continued the rout with Latin gathering only 25 points. In Class A, Crowley high-jumped for a second and Paul Cummings a fourth. In Class B, Milligan was second, Marshall Rice a tie for third in the high jump, and Walter Morris fourth in the broad jump. Class C returned "Steve" Rowen second in the shot, Feldman third in the high jump, and Charles Arnstein second in the broad jump. Class D saw Glasser winning the shot and Fitzgerald tie for second in the high jump.

English had increased its already tremendous lead by winning about three-quarters of the field events. However, as Coach Fitzgerald said after the meet, "We expected to lose by many more points than we did."

P. R. L.

TRACK TALKS

At the annual Relay Carnival, our teams proved themselves among the best, with the two-lap team sharing honors for first and the Medley coming in third. The two-lap team consisted of Ed Rowen, Bill Riley, Jim Connolly, and Joe Crowley. The Medley had Miller, Drake, Milligan, and J. Keefe as its members. The "C" relay of H. Keefe, Coughlin, Feldman, and Frank qualified with the second best time. At Hanover, Bill Riley was the only Latin School man to come in. He took a fourth in the "440." At the K. of C. and the B. A. A. games our Midget relay came second to English. Ditto with the Senior relay. The State Meet proved that the English victory was accomplished by their numbers. Latin finished sixth, one-half point behind Brockton. Roxbury Memorial and English trailed us. Joe Crowley won the "300" and set a new meet record of 33 seconds flat. The relay finished second to M. A. H. S. but fourth in the meet.

N. I. T.

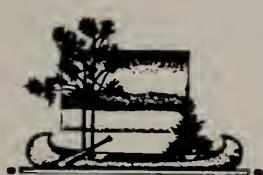
DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Hockey and track have passed, and baseball is nearly at hand. . . . This year's independent hockey team was managed by "Guy" Ciampa, a P. G., who, incidentally, did a good job. . . . By the way, the team not only had to pay for all equipment, but were compelled to pay the full admission

price at the Arena. . . . At 6:30 A. M. on Saturday, January 15, the Independents defeated the New Prep team from Newton, 1-0, with "Tom" Higgins scoring the lone goal. . . . At the Arena against Jamaica Plain, the boys really showed their stuff, winning 2-1 against a hard skating team. . . . "Joe" Mulhern and "Red" Radley shot the disc home for scores on assists by "Bob" Mulhern and "Tom" Kelty, respectively. . . . Radley looked as if he were representing the Siwash firemen from the color of those pants. . . . Sellero of Jamaica had the glory of breaking the most sticks, splintering his own as well as that of a teammate. . . . Congratulations to Kelly for his work in the net. . . . January 28 and another win, this one over Mechanics to the tune of 6-1. . . . Kelty showed the way, with the whole team giving evidence of marked improvement. . . . J. P.'s star hockey slasher broke another. . . . The Commerce-Latin (or should I say Clerks-Classics?) game was well played with plenty of roughness. However, as very few tie games furnish much satisfaction to either team, our boys were rather disappointed at the result. . . . Fillion and Hozid of Commerce were the outstanding players for our neighbors, with "Soup" Campbell handing out several thumps from his defensive post. . . . Woe is us! Thoughts of the Mid-Winter Prom must have overpowered our boys when they met English, and the result was

our first defeat, leaving Commerce in undisputed possession of the mythical championship. . . . Enough of hockey, however. . . . The English Track Meet was a rather sad affair with but few bright spots. English, with her throngs of strong runners, was simply too powerful for our boys. . . . "Ed" Rowen has something of which to boast, since he beat the Blue and Blue's famed Ballantine in the Class A 600-yard run, although "Tom" Keady was out in front of "Ed." . . . "Joe" Crowley, "Bill" Riley, "Phil" Feldman, Harry Keefe, Leo Frank and "Bill" Ellis were our only first-place men. . . . In the State Meet Latin made up for this defeat, however, when our boys scored 8½ points to English High's 6. . . . Congratulations to "Joe" Crowley, who made a new meet record of 33 seconds flat in the "300." This record will probably stand for years to come. . . . "Bill" Riley finished third in the Dartmouth meet against some of this section's best "440" men. . . . Smith and Grant, two Dorchester lads and B. L. S. graduates of recent years, are members of this year's West Point hockey team. . . . "Joe" Finklestein has been doing outstanding work on the Brown Varsity Relay Team. . . . Who was it who whispered in my ear that certain lads would like to have a Latin School golf team?? Hackers!!

E. F. K.



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